CASCADE COMIX MONTHLY

September 1978

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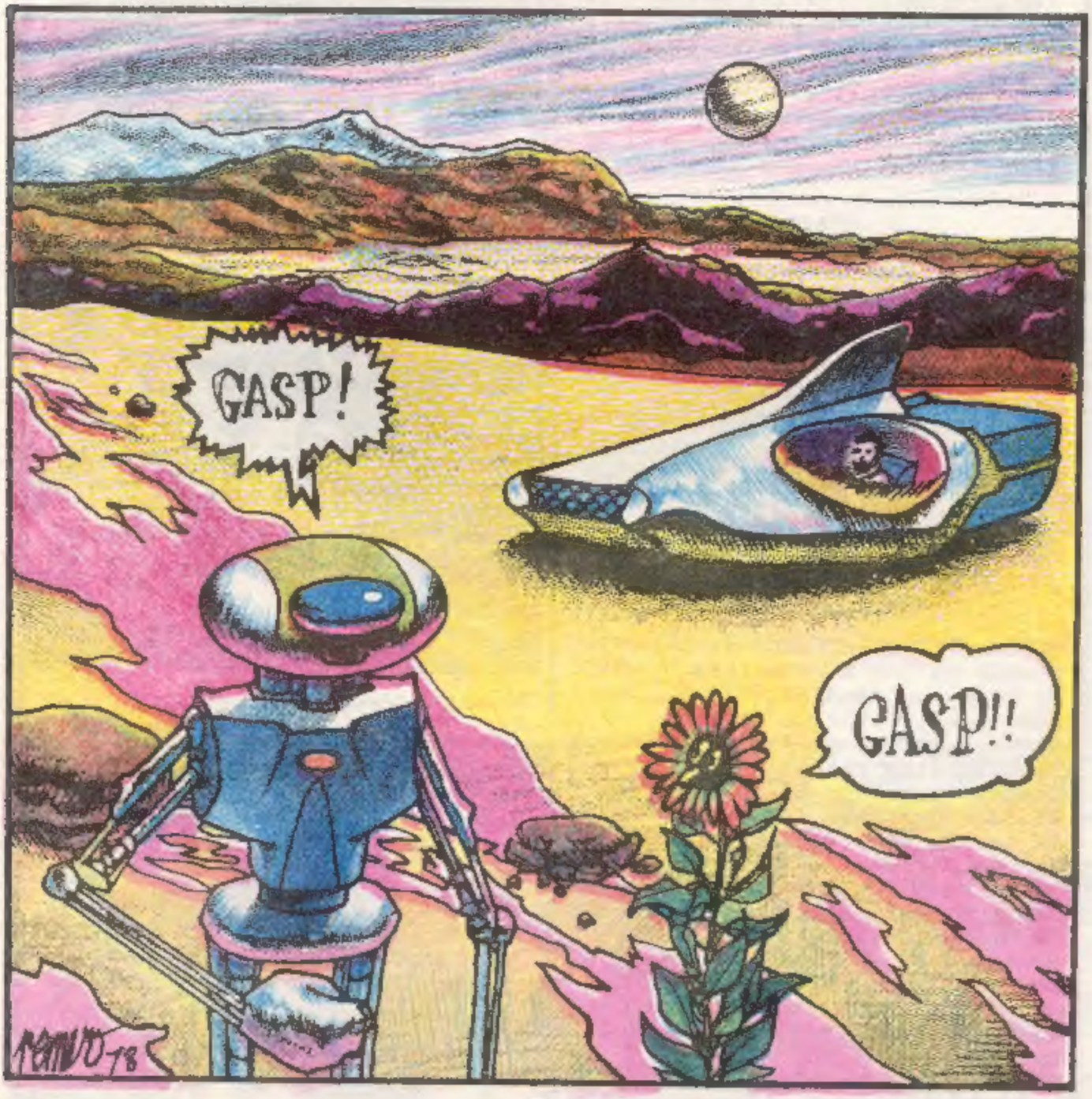

News * Reviews * Comix

CONTENTS

NEWS.....2
JAY LYNCH INTERVIEW part two...4
SUMMERTIME BLOOZ.....8
QUICK ONES (reviews).....12
ON COLLECTING COMIX.....13
COMIX SHOWCASE.....18
FLYING FUNGUS FUNNIES.....19

ARTWORK

Artie Romero.....cover, 2
Denis Kitchen.....2
Gilbert Shelton.....3
Bill Griffith.....3
Jim Siergey.....3, 18
Jay Lynch.....6
Gary Whitney.....8, 9, 19
Richard Bruning.....12
Bob Vojtko.....13
Jay Kinney.....14, 18
John Peterson.....15
Fred Hembeck.....20

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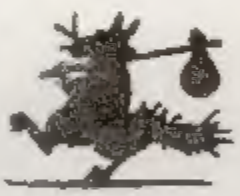
NEWS

MONDO SNARFO, Krupp's surrealistic SNARF spin-off (see CASCADE #2) is now at press. The first edition is limited to 500 copies and will sell for $2. The covers of this special first printing are better quality paper and have different inside covers than the second printing, which will be $1.

The SLEAZY SCANDALS reprint is now available for $1 from Krupp, featuring a larger size and good white paper inside. This classic book has work by Spiegelman, Griffith, Deitch, Spain, and Osborne.

BANZAI, a new book by Roger Brand, Joel Beck, and Kim Deitch will soon go to press at Krupp. The material will be both humorous and serious; cover price is $1.

Also going to press shortly at Krupp are the following comix: SNAPPY SAMMY SMOOT, the first collection of Skip Williamson's hand-picked favorites, with new covers and introduction, $1. SNARF #8, with a cover by John Pound and stories by Kim Deitch, Howard Cruse, Justin Green, Trina, Steve Stiles, Joel Beck, and shorts by Dan Steffan and Art Spiegelman, $1. BIZARRE SEX #7, with another Pound cover, and innards by Boxell, Larson, Erling, Coleman, Trina, Cruse, Armstrong/Dodge, Stiles, and others, $1.25. And finally MU, THE LAND THAT NEVER WAS by George Metzger. This never-before-published early book pits the airmen of Atlantis against their superior counterparts in Mu. The art has been retouched and redrawn in parts by Metzger, after languishing for several years in the hands of the defunct Los Angeles Comic Book Co. It will retail for $1. All of the above may be ordered from Krupp Comic Works, P. O. Box 7, Princeton, WI 54968; include 25¢ per book for postage.



ZIPPY STORIES #2 and FAT FREDDY'S CAT #4 have just been released by Rip Off Press. These are both digest-size volumes, 52 pages each, collecting previously published material. The ZIPPY book by Bill Griffith reprints a year's worth of

Berkeley BARB strips, including a 29-page Zippy epic, "A Nation of Pinheads". It's all black and white this time. The CAT issue has "The Burning of Hollywood," about the time Freddy's cat went into show biz. The rest of the issue consists of one-pagers from the Rip Off Syndicate. These are 75¢ plus 25¢ postage apiece, from Rip Off Press, Box 14158, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Star*Reach Productions has moved to Berkeley. Their new address is Box 2328, Berkeley, CA 94702.

Rory Hayes has been experimenting with acrylic paints, doing poetic color and black and white drawings. He's started a 2 or 3 page strip called "His Nose."

Jay Lynch and Denis Kitchen will give a slide lecture at the University of Wisconsin at Madison. The subject will be comics history, with Lynch covering everything up until the beginning of underground comix, and Kitchen handling the remainder. The presentation is free, and will take place in room 3650 of the Humanities Bldg. on Sept. 21 at 7:30 p.m.

ALRIGHT, SIR, PLEASE OPEN YOUR LUGGAGE-- IS THIS THE ONLY PIECE YOU HAVE??
OH, NO!! I'VE GOT FORTY GALLONS OF LEBANESE HASH OIL AND A QUART OF SIBERIAN LSD IN MY SOCKS!!
HUH?

-AN' I ALMOST FORGOT!! I PUT $5,000 WORTH OF COKE IN YOUR CAP LAST THURSDAY!! YOW!! YOU MUSTA USED IT!
...I SMELL SCALLIONS.
GIMME THAT!! STEP OUTTA LINE, YOU'RE RIGHT NOW!
IT'S GOIN' RIGHT, NOW, MR. "B."
YEH!

JAY LYNCH INTERVIEW

P A R T T W O

CASCADE: You have one of the tightest styles of any underground cartoonist. Do you generally stay that tight? Do you do a lot of sketches and looser drawings that don't see print?
LYNCH: I don't draw except if it's going to be printed. I have sketchbooks, but I don't draw in them, I just write things and draw stick figures, or real crude figures. I don't really like to draw that much.
CASCADE: You consider yourself a writer, mainly?
LYNCH: I guess. I've been writing articles for magazines in recent years.
CASCADE: What do you write about?
LYNCH: Well, I used to write for CRACKED in 1963; I was on the masthead of CRACKED that year. But lately I go on wild goose chases. I did some stuff for OUI magazine and I did one for HUSTLER. The OUI one was really good; it was about trying to locate a snuff movie, and they gave me money and let me travel around and phone a lot of people. I just reported everything that happened. I guess it was basically a humor piece, but I did find out some things about snuff movies. I found out that the policeman in New York who had released the story to the press that there were such things as snuff movies, even though none had been found...like two weeks after he released the story was out in Hollywood working as a consultant on a movie about that topic. It was in OUI in the summer of '75 or '76. Then the last thing I tried to do was find Howard Hughes' urine that he'd saved, for HUSTLER last October. But that wasn't a great article.
CASCADE: Do you always use your real name?
LYNCH: For those, yeah. I used to do illustrations for DUDE and GENT and NUGGET, and I used to sign them Phil Spayse. I did these airbrush illustrations that looked like velvet paintings. These are kinda like cartoons; they're like out-of-focus photographs. I could do them real fast, but they're real bad. Spain has an illustration in FLING magazine this month. Griffith and Spiegelman used to do illustrations for DUDE, GENT, and NUGGET about six years ago, too, using false names. Trina, too. I think Trina used her real name. Art signed them Skeeter Grant.

All I do is cartoons now. I used to do assignments that weren't cartoons, but they'd take like three times as long to do. As long as I can get work doing cartoons to fill my time, that's all I do, except I write, too. I used to do the OUI Calendars in OUI magazine. I did '75, '77 and '78.

Nobody ever mentions NOPE magazine in the want lists I see. Jay Kinney used to do this mimeographed fanzine in the late sixties called NOPE, and it's got Kinney, Crumb, me, Spiegelman, and Trina in there. It seems like it's an item that fits into the whole underground comix thing a lot more than a lot

PETER'S HEAD WAS SPINNING. HE WAS LOSING BLOOD, AND HE WAS WEAK WITH PAIN.
?
IS DERE A GOD, CATTLIC?
SNIFF-Y-YES.
THE BOY VICIOUSLY KICKED PETER IN THE HEAD.
DERE IS NO GOD!
CRUNCH!
NOW TELL ME— IS DERE A GOD?!
PETER COULD NOT ANSWER. HIS TONGUE WAS SWOLLEN AND HE WAS COUGHING UP BLOOD. LITTLE PETER WANTED TO TELL THE PUBLIC SCHOOL BOYS THAT THERE IS A GOD, BUT HE WAS NOT ABLE TO SPEAK.
HEH HEH! LOOKS LIKE WE PLUGGED OUR PERNT!
DE LITTLE CATTLIC FROGGY FINALLY LARNED HIS LESSON!
YER DAT SETTLES DAT! HAW HAW!
HAK!
CHOKE!
KAP!
AS THE PUBLIC SCHOOL CHILDREN LEFT, LAUGHING AND CONTENT WITH THIER VICTORY, PETER DIPPED HIS FINGER IN HIS OWN BLOOD AND BEGAN TO WRITE UPON THE SIDEWALK WHERE HE LIE DYING.
WITH HIS LAST BIT OF MORTAL STRENGTH HE WROTE.
AND THEN LITTLE PETER DIED.
There is a God.
END
Jay Lynch 9 M 70

"I always wanted my stuff to have a didactic purpose to it, although most of it probably doesn't."

of fanzines that are on want lists.

We did a thing called FANBOY here. We xeroxed a fake fanzine called FANBOY at a con; it was done under fake names. It was me and Justin Green, Alan Dodge, Glenn Bray, Cathy Goodell. FANBOY's on a lot of want lists, too; we made eight copies of it. I don't have one. We just thought we'd do this real bad barbarian fanzine with drawings of barbarians, and send 'em out to other fanzines, try to get reviews, and see what would happen. And then we did an "underground heads ish" which was the same issue reprinted, except with a couple of pages of psychedelic poster drawings done real badly. We explained that the fictional editor of it, Bill Beasly, had taken LSD and was just getting into that. This was about two years ago.

CASCADE: Did you ever go through a fanzine publishing phase?

LYNCH: I never published one. I drew for WILD magazine that Don Dohler did in the early Sixties, and JACK HIGH, and SQUIRE. Skip Williamson did SQUIRE. Art did one called BLASÉ. There's a book out called The World of Fanzines by Fredric Wertham, that says that I'm a hypocrite because I did a parody of Dragnet in JACK HIGH that was pro-police, and then later on I did underground comix.

CASCADE: I don't care what Fred Wertham says.

LYNCH: All the other stuff in the book is not true, historically. What does PLATINUM TOAD mean, anyway?

CASCADE: It's from a spontaneous poem that was jammed out by Thom Haber and Darrel Anderson in 1968.

LYNCH: Because in The World of Fanzines it says that there was a fanzine in the early sixties called PLATINUM TOAD...

CASCADE: Yes, Fredric Wertham ordered PLATINUM TOAD #2 from me in 1969.

LYNCH: ...and it had "Keep On Truckin'" in it.

CASCADE: Yeah, it did have "Keep On Truckin'", and it had another Crumb strip in it.

LYNCH: Well, in The World of Fanzines it says that was the first place "Keep On Truckin'" was ever printed.

CASCADE: That just goes to show how much Fredric Wertham knows, because I traced that strip onto the ditto master myself, out of ZAP.

LYNCH: Did I ever tell you the famous pickle relish story?

CASCADE: Pickle relish story?

LYNCH: Yes. Once Crumb and I went out to get food. I had just gotten paid, so we could buy a lot of food. This was when everybody was poor--I'm still poor. But anyway, I said to Crumb, "Load up the shopping cart with food." I didn't look at what he was putting in the cart. And then I got to the checkout counter and noticed he had filled the cart with like thirty different jars, different brands of pickle relish.

CASCADE: You're from New Jersey, I understand.

LYNCH: Yeah, I was born in Orange, New Jersey, and lived in Newark and Belmar. I lived in Asbury Park, too; Bud Abbott came from Asbury Park. I lived in a burlesque theater, in a dressing room, when I was a little baby.

CASCADE: When did you first think that you were becoming a cartoonist?

LYNCH: Always. Well, once when I was about three I got some crayons, and I saw a crack in the sidewalk that looked like Mickey Mouse. I filled in the areas that weren't filled in by the crack, and made it Mickey Mouse. And then I hid in the bushes and listened to people's comments as they walked past it.

CASCADE: So you got immediate reinforcement.

LYNCH: Yes. But I don't like to draw, I just like the reinforcement, the adulation or the money. But my father was a cartoonist. I guess every time I would draw a cartoon I would be praised, so that's why I draw cartoons; it was reinforced. I wanted a cornet

Cont'd on page 15

SUMMERTIME BLOOZ

by Bill Sherman

We're in the con season once more--a time of conspicuous consumptiveness and tautly clasped pretentions--and everyone's indulging themselves. The consumption is easily enuff noted; the pretentions are somp'n else again. For the company comics people (in the throes of conglomerate blues--at least in Warnerland) the primest pretention is toward that self-control every artist likes to think s/he has, an illusion shared by many comix folk too, come to think of it. For comics/comix fans the deception goes a bit deeper: toward the belief that their fannish ablutions for an artform generally shunned by the mainstream somehow make them special, higher than mere "mundane". It's pretty to think so.

I've just returned from one such celebration: Phil Seuling's Comic Art Convention in N.Y.C., a concatenation of comic book dealing, frequently lackluster panels and intermittantly interesting films. Plus the usual gaggle of fans and pros, with all that entails (awkwardly sexist costume parades, f'rinstance.) Most fans when asked tend to act disdainful toward Seulingcons: to them the main appeal of congoing is outside the planned con proper. The chance to meet people you've corresponded with, to cement that illusion of fannish uniqueness, that's the main reason for staying in an overpriced hotel and shelling out three bucks a day for the chance to hang around the periphery of con activity. It's an appealing kind of vacation for most of us, and yet it can be a weird experience meeting someone you've known thru their words and art. The gap between a person and their work, the edited idealism of self-image, is frequently great. A sort of fan lag sets in if you don't watch for it, a resentment that people don't really look or act the way you've imagined.

The same risk runs in our perception of artists, of course--moreso with comix artists (who are more likely to place some vision of themselves in their work) than straight superhero comic types, I suspect, if only because so many of today's company books are so patently the product of ordinary men. I sat thru and around five different presentations at Seulingcon, and the only one that had me bumping into preset images had the con's only American comix person in it.

Name of the presentation was "Women of the Comics", a slide

show survey narrated by Trina Robbins. Primarily devoted to splashes and covers from various Golden Age books along with more recent underground pastiches, Trina's presentation was an entertaining amalgam of history and personal asides, somewhat overselective in its approach perhaps (the fifties and early sixties, as appalling as they were for female leads, shouldn't have been completely ignored), but still worthy. If I hadn't spent so much time noticing other things I know I would've taken more of it down.

I didn't, for I was too busy noting the cartoonist's relationship to her audience--and reassessing my feelings about a comix artist's "independence" from that audience in the process. Objectively, comics fans are probably no more sexist in ratio than any other "mundane" collection of folk, but in group the assholes are often the most vocal, and it's not always easy to be fair-handed in the presence of such. I know I can't. I guess I was surprised that Trina could.

Trina's comix work combines grace with toughness, storytelling innocence with feminist outrage. That last has always been a part to me (tho not the sum) of Trina's work, so naturally I was surprised to observe her holding it in check, to appear almost embarassed by it. Granted, it's hard to react without seeming crass to so cheerily chauvinist an m.c. as Seuling himself, whose intro of the cartoonist was full of such gladhandouts as, "She carries the cause of women's comix on her shoulders," which got amended after double-take to "broad shoulders". (Lame adjective or sick pun?) The man is, after all, one's host. But is it the same to tell catcalling males in the audience, roused by pulchritudinous forties heroines on slide, to "go ahead and react to your favorites. That's okay"???

Beats me. I'm not even sure if I'm not being sexist in all this, dismayed because the woman

I consider the best of the feminist cartoonists--one of the best comix artists period--doesn't fit some inner stereotype of mine. (First thing I notice is she's shorter in real life than she draws herself, right?) Or maybe I'm just boggled by the assertion made over a slide of the splash panel to Trina's own "Fox" story that "I'm not as political as I used to be." I've always put Trina's work into some kind of sexual politics frame, even if it was only somp'n so small as wry role reversal, and here's the artist jostling that preconceived notion, too. "Have I been unwittingly trammelling Trina and her work?" think I, but I'm unable to answer my question.

Much of the audience that afternoon seemed unconcerned with such queries. Two males behind me were content to mutter dull innuendos (about presentation and presenter;) others just made noise. A question-answer period afterwards was brief, and maybe that's because as a comic fan with strong love for the Golden Age Trina Robbins is so all-inclusive, so forgiving. Sure, most of us make compensations with comic books--as adults we have to--but it's dampening somehow to see an intelligent, strong comix artist like Trina be so like us.

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A complete listing of our comix, fanzines, magazines, books, etc., will be sent to you with your order. If you wish just the listing at this time, please send 25¢.

* * * ANNOUNCING NEW RELEASES * * *

TITLE	PRICE	NO. OF COPIES	TOTAL
ARTIFACT - Art of Frank Brunner, Vol 2 (Full size, 8 page color)	$2.00		
ARC #1 (Jan.1979) 8½x11,	$1.50		
BAY CON IV - Boris Cover; loaded with art	$1.00		
THE COMICS JOURNAL #41 - $1.00 (#39 and #40 are also available at $1.00 ea.)	$1.00		
EVOLUTION AND HISTORY OF MOOSEKIND - limited to 1,000 copies; by Bob Foster- all the CRAZY strips	$5.00		
SALLY FORTH #4 - Wally Wood	$4.00		
COMIX INDEX #1 - From England	$2.50		
BLOOD ON THE MOON - Jaxon	$1.00		
CHECKERED DEMON #2 - S.Clay Wilson	$1.00		
FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE #2 - Von [illegible], [illegible] Crumb, Jim Himes, etc.	$2.00		
HERBIE JEEBIE #2 - Joel Hilke, etc.	$.75		
MAMA DRAMAS - Trina, Shelby, etc.	$1.00		
MAYHEM #2 - Keller and Griswold.	$1.25		
SPACE DOG #1 - Warren Greenwood	$1.00		
THOROUGHLY RIPPED WITH THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS - Full-Color 70-page paperback.	$7.95		
FAT FREDDY'S CAT #4 - Small-format comic; mostly new stuff from the Rip Off Comix Syndicate	$.75		
ZIPPY STORIES #2 - 52-page collection of Pinhead Parables by Bill Griffith	$.75		
R.CRUMB SKETCHBOOKS - Deluxe item printed in English from Europe; 310 pages, ½ lbs thick.	$25.00		
FRITZ THE CAT - 1959 to date; new painted cover; quality paperback; 128 pages; R.Crumb.	$6.00		
ZAP #9 - All new from the "Old Heavies"	$1.00		
LOOSE OUT A HEFF - By Justin Green and Diane Noomin; subtitled "GROWING UP IN AMERICA"	$1.00		
THE FANTASTIC ART OF BORIS VALLEJO - 40 color plates and black & white sketches, photos, etc	$7.95		
SILVER SURFER - New Big Color paperback, Kirby, Lee	$4.95		
HILDEBRANDT BROTHERS - From the publisher of BORIS, black & white with color covers, ten color plates	$6.00		
STAR*REACH #13 - Steve Leialoha, etc.	$1.50		
IMAGINE #3 - P.Craig Russell, etc.	$1.50		

In addition, feel free to order books from our regular listing. Use additional sheets, if necessary.

SUB-TOTAL

Quick Ones

BY BILL SHERMAN

STAR*REACH #12 ($1.50 from Star Reach Prod.)

"In this issue: COLOR!" the front cover blares, and if I seem unimpressed by the statement it's because I received this issue of SREACH and the first two IMAGINEs in the same review package. The latter only serve to point out half-realized the former's experiment with color is. Mike Nasser's eight-page color centerpiece here is so sparse (to the point of obliqueness) that color is only a frill, not an integral part of "story", and it's hard to maintain interest in it.

The rest of this issue's fairly unsurprising. Motter/Steacy's "The Sacred and the Profane" is great, of course, full of character epiphanies and cooly experimental storytelling, but that's par for the series. A Michael Gilbert three-page homage to Frederic Brown is diverting but a reprint (from AMAZING ADULT FANTASIES.) Which just leaves us with the cover story.

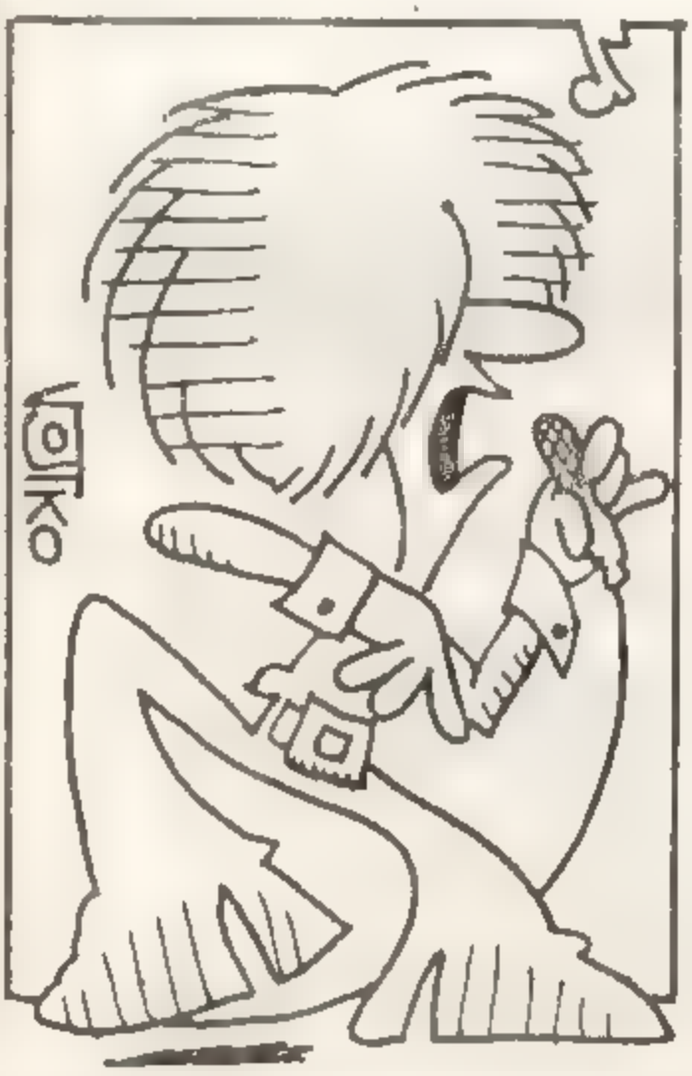
I've generally favored the Chinese Food line on s-f writer Roger Zelazny. While his prose is generally entertaining, it ain't worth slaving over. That in mind I'd have enjoyed a comix adaptation of one of his best, the hard-broiled "The Doors of His Face, the Lamps of His Mouth." Unfortunately, comix isn't what we get.

What we get is a Byron Preiss Visual Prod. "graphic story." (Howcum no inside credit for artist Gray Morrow, by the way?) It's very like Moench/Nino's recent HEAVY METAL adaptation of Theodore Sturgeon's MORE THAN HUMAN, if tailored to meet the smaller zine's requirements. (The print's tinier, eyestrain freaks--with grey art in a bunch at the bottom of the page.) If the art were more imaginative I wouldn't cavil, but Morrow's graphic clusters are about as visually riveting as an episode of SEA HUNT. (The piece is part of a glossy package of Morrow-illustrated Zelazny, which SREACH publisher Friedrich gives inside back cover ad space to. While I've no doubt the book'll do well, on the basis of this sample (and an earlier HEAVY METAL preview) I'm stayin' satisfied with my Ace paperbacks.

LOW BUDGET FUNNIES #5 ($1.00 from Bob Vojtko, 1120 Euclid Ave., Lorain, Ohio 44052)

Bob Vojtko's an ubiquitous fan artist with a simple and winning cartoon style and a sense of humor that usually slides right off me. I enjoy looking at Bob's work, but I don't often laff at it. As a cartoonist Bob favors slick gags, with about three layers of insulation between artist and joke, and while that kinda construction may hold for a Virgil Partch, I personally keep hoping Bob'll abandon it.

I favor this ish's two stories over the strict gag strips in any case. Released from the burden of big boffing, Vojtko's scripts acquire a charm and simplicity in full mesh with the art. The material may not be revelatory, but at least it's amusing. Which is more than I can say for a sexist gag strip like "Frita Spitz: Ugly as Shit."



On Collecting Comix

by BRUCE SWEENEY

I can fortunately report on some newer arrivals to the comix scene, and that's in way of a welcome to Arnold Willis and Tim Lowe and their "new" title, LOST CAUSE #2. #1 and #2 both deal with the antics of three dopers, Flip, Dip and Drip. The characters' escapades are allegedly drawn from the life experiences of friends of the two artists.

The artwork for most of both issues was done over a year ago, and completed in one period; we're seeing therefor in #2 very little recent artwork of theirs. Portions that are of more recent vintage however, such as the cover to #2, show much more depth and texture than 90% of the material in either comic. They claim to be working on #3 which should get out this year, and Willis is also working on a TALES OF LOST TIMES, which he describes as a "sci-fi fantasy comix." The print run on these is 5000 each, in spite of a reference to 1000 in #1. LOST CAUSE is available through Last Gasp.

For those who haven't had the good fortune to secure a RIPPED WITH THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROS. yet, the good times are all up ahead of you. My two main complaints are that it's $7.95 and that it's heavily reprints from HIGH TIMES. (Corben's NEVERWHERE also ran $7.95 but that was 110 pages compared to RIPPED's 70.) Aside from that, it's a great book and seeing the Freak Bros. in full color is something that as soon as you see, you know you always wanted it but just didn't know it. You completists and other hard-core collectors are going to have to get two copies so that you can cut up the enclosed board game called "It's A Raid," which looks like real potential fun. It helps alleviate the coughing spasm caused by writing an eight dollar check

PLATINUM TOAD

5 A tiny artzine with lots of mazes, pencil drawings, and strangeness by Artie Romero. 25¢

6 A colorful Darrel Anderson art issue of the TOAD. Weird as usual. 15¢

8 A large-format (8½ x 11) art book with "All-Color Litho Toons", a full-color sketchbook portfolio by Romero, "Zippy Tōn" by Al Greenier, "Big Bang" and 'Artie Stick" by Romero, plus art by Darrel Anderson, Kirk Kennedy and John Peterson. 20 pages printed one side only, limited to 400 copies. $1.00

9 Another all-Romero issue of the TOAD. Dadaist pencil and ink drawings, some in rainbow colors. 25¢

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The stories inside are guaranteed to make you grin, and some of the artwork demanded time and detail that we're not used to expecting from the guts of a Freak Bros. book. The fine cartooning and new attention to detail have pushed the Freak Bros. past the level of just being Harvey Kurtzman with a joint; they genuinely are as much a part of our own generation as any other cartooning going down today. This book is some of the best Freak Bros. yet. Available from Rip Off Press, Box 14158, San Francisco, CA 94114. Don't feel that you have to wish them good luck, though; they sold 20,000 copies the first day of distribution. Total sales of the five Freak Bros. books has topped a million and a half.

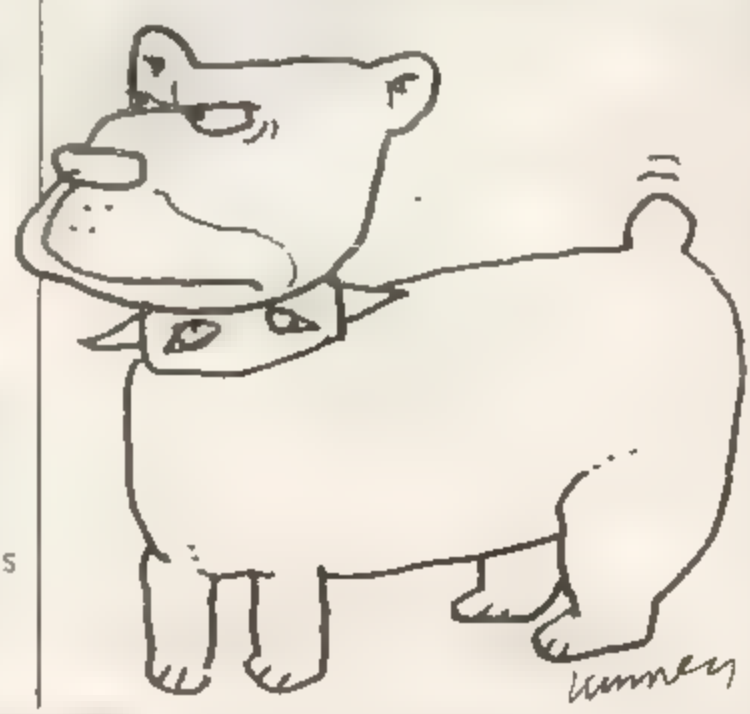
On the other hand, the CARTOON HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE is on its way. Its artist is Larry Gonick, who has amused Bostonians in the Sunday Boston GLOBE. It's Boston's first contribution to comix since IKE LIVES and NEW LEGENDS, and a rare example of comix starting in the East and moving west. #1 is also a Rip Off Press project and will be 52 pages, black and white, and #2 is allegedly "in the works."

I couldn't help but notice that Leslie Cabarga did the illustrations for a Ray Mungo story in Sep-Oct.'s MOTHER JONES magazine, and Bob Vojtko has been pretty active in HUSTLER.

MIDNIGHT FICTION #1 and 2 are two publications done by CASCADE reader Richard Krauss. #1 came out several years ago and was an 8-page cartoon 'zine. #2 was done in '76 and was just a touch more underground--with better art and more pages. He claims that he hasn't given up yet, that he has an 8-page 8½"x5½" currently at the printer called FUNNY PAPER #1 with nothing but comix and irate letters. For 25¢ and a stamp, it may or may not be an underground but there's one way to find out. Contact Richard Krauss at 4333 N.E. 29th Avenue, Portland, OR 97211.

For the collector who has everything, the American Comic Book Co., P. O. Box 1809, Studio City, CA 91604 informed me that they have 100 copies of an odd book called M. R. BRANGDON, which is the brainchild of Terry Stroud who did the cover of BIZARRE SEX #5 with Terry Stout. This unusual book came out some time back and ACBC has copies available at $15 plus $1.50 postage.

--Bruce Sweeney



WHATZIS HOMEMADE "LONGARM" HASH I HEAR YA GOT, EDDIE?

Cont'd from page 7

when I was a kid, but I got a pencil. I developed a mental block: I'm tone deaf, which bothers me because I've been trying to do music for most of my life, and I can't grasp it

CASCADE: It's interesting how many artists would like to be musicians.

LYNCH: Well, it seems like you can draw a cartoon, but you can't go out and walk past a grade school and expect to hear kids singing your cartoon, or drawing it on the walls. I guess I'm kinda jaded when it comes to getting excited when my stuff's in print. I got all of that out of my system. I was real happy when my articles were printed, but I'm kinda used to having cartoons printed.

CASCADE: What would you like to do with your comix? Where would you like to take them?

LYNCH: I don't know, it just depends on what the nature of the game is. Now I really think that there's a lot to be said for PLAYBOY and its existence in our society. When I was in college in the early sixties, like 1963, '64, PLAYBOY was a real powerful force in shaping the consciousness that became the hippie consciousness, except that with PLAYBOY it wasn't distorted. By the time the hippies got it, it became different. The new morality meant a code of humanist ethics, whereas a lot of people who got into the hippie thing kinda perverted this message into anti-morality or amorality. Although PLAYBOY has evolved into something that fed off of this hippie consciousness, I still remember PLAYBOY as it was in the early Sixties.

So I'm just doing "Give 'Em an Inch" now. I guess it's as open as "Nard 'N Pat", 'cause that's limited, too, because it has to be about drugs. It would be nice to do strips that would preach humanistic ethical values that are sometimes at odds with the standard liberal philosophy. I did a strip that I was going to send to SLAM magazine, but I realized that they would never print it. I sent it to PLAYBOY, but I'm pretty sure that they'll never print it, either. It's like a sermonette comic strip, where this guy gives a sermon. I always wanted my stuff to have a didactic purpose to it, although most of it probably doesn't.

CASCADE: I'm looking at a strip by you in BIJOU #7 called "Child Martyr", and it's a moralistic story. Do you enjoy doing things with a positive religious overtone?

LYNCH: Well, I think "Child Martyr" can be taken two ways.

CASCADE: It's a sad story, no doubt about that.

LYNCH: Well it's true, though. That story was told to me when I was a lad. I went to a Catholic school, even though my grandmother who raised me was not too hot on Catholicism. I'd go to the school and come home and get deprogrammed. But I always regarded that stuff as interesting fantasies that people can base their lives on. And it's the same thing with people

who are into witchcraft or human sacrifice cults. It's not that I believe in witchcraft, but I believe that the people who are in these cults believe in it, and they will do anything to protect their beliefs, so therefor they're dangerous.

The "Child Martyr" thing could be taken either way, depending on what your beliefs are in the first place. What happened? Little Peter died. He wasn't rewarded in my strip; he didn't especially go to heaven or anything. So if a Catholic read it, he would say he died, became a martyr and went to heaven.

CASCADE: So you're not necessarily advocating a certain viewpoint, you only want to submit the situation for people to think about?

LYNCH: Yeah. I think there's a thing about martyrdom, a poem in the back of HIGH TIMES this month by this old poet, I forget his name; he used to hang around at the East Village OTHER. It's essentially the same idea as "Child Martyr", there was a man, and he martyred himself. He didn't get anything out of it physically, but the guy who wrote the poem isn't saying if he got anything out of it spiritually; that's just up to the individual.

CASCADE: Are you a member of the United Cartoon Workers of America?

LYNCH: I guess. I don't know what it means, though.

CASCADE: I always wondered if it was a real union.

LYNCH: Well, they haven't done anything that I know of.

CASCADE: You were always closely associated with a group of artists in the Midwest, Skip Williamson, Denis Kitchen....

LYNCH: Well, I didn't meet Denis until 1970 or so. Skip and I did the fanzines together, and we corresponded. I lived in Florida, then I moved to Chicago. Skip was working in an ice plant in Missouri, making ice cubes, and when he got out of college he moved to Chicago and stayed with me for a while. So I've known Skip ever since I've been in Chicago, and for years before I moved here we corresponded--the same with Art Spiegelman, Spiegelman was in the fanzines, too. We were in close touch. Denis I met when he did MOM'S COMICS. We started corresponding, and Skip and I would go up to Milwaukee and do stuff for Krupp Comic Works, early books.

It was more casual then. It still is pretty casual, it's just that as you grow older you become a wage slave. I guess we could do comix today, but they'd have to be crude. I could draw for $25 a page or whatever they pay, but to make it economical it would have to be as crudely drawn as the stuff I did in '68. That stuff might have been valuable mainly because it was the only stuff that was coming out; there was only a handful of people. But now there are so many guys in underground comix who can draw really good. If I continued to draw underground comix, I would just have to take too much time, and I'd have to be a martyr.

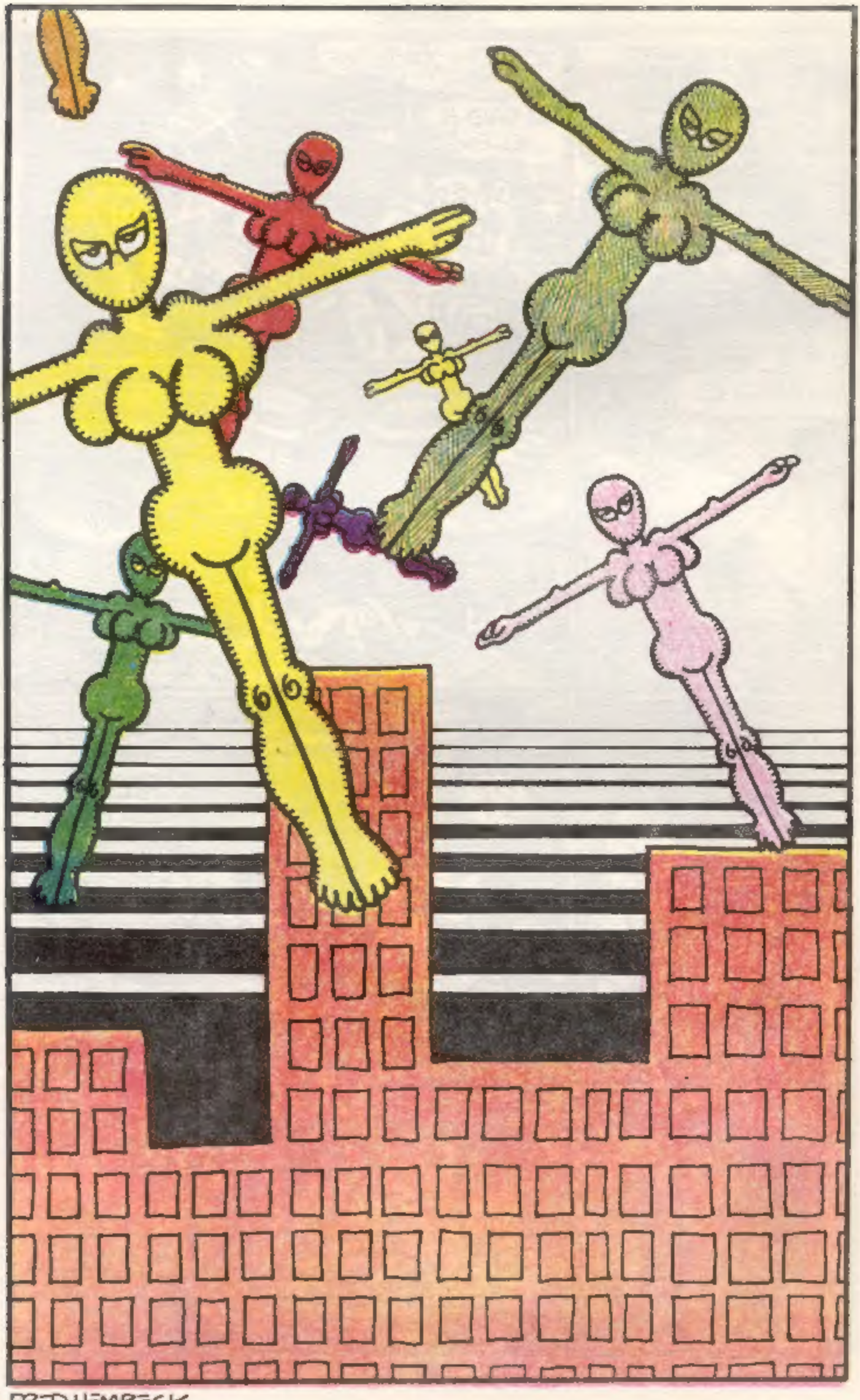
CASCADE: I think something was lost in the move toward a slicker product, though. I think that there was something in the early comix; the crudeness of them was part of the energy, and what got me to look at them in the first place, the fact that they had this raw energy.

LYNCH: Yeah, well maybe everybody trusted everybody else just a little bit more then, too. Like LSD --when I took it it was legal, and it was very powerful; you'd take LSD and think we were all one. And so I'd draw a comic for a company, and I'd think, "Well, I don't need any money. If the guy that owns the company makes some money, that's the same as if I make the money, 'cause we're all one." But now there's no more LSD, and that kind of thought pattern doesn't exist. It was more casual then, too, because we'd figure that, "I know what I'm trying to say, and maybe I can't clearly define it with these lines, but I'm the same as the reader, so the reader knows what I'm trying to say. Shit, why should I bother?"

Clockwise from top: January 1946, Lynch at one year old; recent shot of Lynch at work; candid 1975 shot; Jay Lynch in 1967; 1975 photo of Lynch with fly open.

COMIX SHOWCASE

CASCADE PRESENTS
FLYING FUNGUS FUNNIES
CHAPTER 2
SMEK!
SMEK!
UHHH BABY!
OH ALVIN!
©1978 GARY WHITNEY
WOTTA BEE-YOO-TI-FUL NIGHT!
YOU SAID IT, LUELLEN!
MEANWHILE...
?
ALVIN...
HUNH?
?!
CREEP!
LATER...
LUELLEN! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? IT'S NEARLY 2 A.M.!
I
OH MOM—IT WAS INCREDIBLE! THERE WERE THESE GIANT MUSHROOMS FLOATING AROUND IN THE SKY, AND...
HAVE YOU BEEN SMOKING POT AGAIN, LU?
THEY COMMUNICATED WITH ME TELEPATHICALLY—I MEAN, IT'S LIKE I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT THEY WANTED!
WHAT TH'SAM HILL IS SHE BABBLIN'ABOUT ALICE?
BEATS TH' LIVIN' DAYLIGHTS OUTTA ME, CLARENCE— LET'S GO BACK TO BED!


FRED HEMBECK